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Merriman, Daniel

James Abram Garfield.- a  
discourse.

Worcester, Mass., 1881





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Book M57





# JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

A DISCOURSE

In Memoriam

BY

DANIEL MERRIMAN DD

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH



Worcester Massachusetts

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By transfer

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James Abram Garfield,

*Twentieth President of the United States,*

DIED ON THE 19TH OF SEPTEMBER, A.D. 1881,

AGED 49.

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“There is an honor, likewise, which may be ranked among the greatest, which happeneth rarely; that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death for the good of their country.”

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In Exchange  
Amer. An Soc.  
25 J. 1907

WORCESTER, Oct. 4, 1881.

DEAR SIR, —

The deep impression made by your commemorative Discourse on the death of our beloved President, JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, has led to a general desire for its publication in print. Accordingly, at a meeting of members of the Central Church and Society, held at their chapel last evening, the undersigned were instructed to ask of you a copy for the press. We add to this request now made the expression of our personal desires to the same end,

And remain, with true regard,

Your parishioners and friends,

CHAS. E. STEVENS.

HENRY M. SMITH.

GEORGE E. GLADWIN.

GEORGE E. MACKINTIRE.

WILLIAM E. SAWTELLE.

The Rev. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D.D.

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TO MESSRS. CHARLES E. STEVENS, HENRY M. SMITH, GEO. E. GLADWIN,  
GEO. E. MACKINTIRE, WILLIAM E. SAWTELLE,

*Committee.*

GENTLEMEN, —

In accordance with your request of the 4th inst., I place in your hands a copy of my sermon preached on Sunday, 25th of September.

Believe me to be, gentlemen,

With high esteem,

Your friend and pastor,

DANIEL MERRIMAN.

WORCESTER, Oct. 7, 1881.

**A**ND ALL THE PEOPLE WEPT AGAIN OVER HIM. — 2 SAM. iii. 34.  
HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH. — HEB. xi. 4.





## DISCOURSE.

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SIXTEEN years and five months ago, this house, draped as it is to-day, was filled with a sad congregation. A sermon was preached on the death of Abraham Lincoln. The land had never known such lamentation. Yet it is greater to-day. Another President, ours by peculiar ties, is dead by an assassin. Then the country was divided. Then we were familiar with the tragedies enacted by the fury of war. Then the blow and its fatal result came together. Now we are one and at peace. We have had time to think and feel, and our sorrow has a greater breadth and an indescribable tenderness. The horror which seized us at the first dreadful stroke has been deepened, and turned into continual heart-ache by the strain of alternate hope and fear through these eighty days, until, at this hour, a nation of fifty millions of people sits like one man, silent, bowed, and weeping, in a concord of pure, remorseful, and loving sorrow,

such as was never seen before. History has not chronicled, and may not again chronicle, such peculiar, unfeigned, and universal grief. The heart of the people is melted like wax. The air almost palpitates with their distress, and the poor and inadequate signs of their woe hang heavily from ocean to ocean.

Across the seas England and England's Queen, by unprecedented emblem, tribute, and speech, lament with us as though their own were dead; and far over the wide continents and sea-girt isles the shadow falls; and mourners unknown to us seem to come and sit down in the ashes by our side to-day, and speak to us in their strange languages of a common sorrow. Dead at last is Garfield the President. A throb of pain goes round the world, as from the heart to the finger-tips of a man. The wheels of commerce are stilled. Noisy exchanges stop for a while their clamor. The talk in senates and cabinets is hushed. The ensigns of armies are muffled. Ancient cathedrals fill their arches with the plaint of solemn *misereres*. Kings and emperors, as they sent messages of sympathetic inquiry into that sick chamber, now hasten to offer their meed of condolence and praise. For not only a family, not only a nation, but a world, have been watching at that bedside. The thoughts and affections of millions through these sad weeks have been slowly knit by ties of reverence, love, and sym-

pathy, to that one brave heart so patiently struggling there, till when at last it stopped its beating, the pulses of a world stood still.

And he was worthy of it all, this great yet simple countryman of ours, whom we loved and trusted, and chose for our chief office-bearer. Yet we had not fully appreciated him. We had not found out all his worth. Like a figure against the fleeting sunset sky, he had walked but a few short months in the eye of the whole people. They had yet to know how really great he was. It needed all the bitter tuition of these agonizing weeks to teach us at last what we, as a nation, have both lost and gained forever in him.

In him and in his history were mingled to unexampled degree all those various elements which bound him alike to the humblest and the loftiest in the land. He stood four-square to all the world. He was a man of the people, and attached them passionately to himself; yet he was at home among the learned, and could stand before kings. His abilities, his training, his character, his career, embraced with extraordinary completeness almost every phase and factor of true greatness. Perhaps only America can breed such a man. Certainly only freedom and the Christian faith can train him. His foot touched almost every step in the long yet swift gradation from the very bottom to the very top of American life; and at every step

he was the same strong, brilliant, and amply sufficient man.

How often, since only one short year ago when he was before us for our suffrages, on through his induction into office, his opening administration, and these weeks of heroism, have we gone over, with tearful surprise and pride, the contrasts and progress of that life, so beyond any fiction in the pathos of its early struggles, the splendor of its mid-day achievement, and the immortal patience of its untimely close. Alas! it is a dreadful loss we have met; yet happy the people that has the story of such a life to form, till earth's latest generation, the lesson-book of its children.

How striking the details: the child, fatherless at the age of two, the youngest in a brood of four in a frontiersman's log-home; the little boy, taking his share of hard work in bearing the burden of a poor but heroic mother; the lad, — farmer, carpenter, and tow-path driver by turns, and eager student always; the youth, thirsting for knowledge, and grasping with unaided hands all the resources that neighboring schools could furnish; the college graduate of twenty-five, among the first of his class at Williams, pride of teachers, idol to this day of his fellows, and henceforth the imperishable ornament of the college that nestles among the Berkshire hills;

the consummate teacher, the preacher, lawyer, and statesman at twenty-eight; the brilliant soldier at thirty-two, planning and executing successful campaigns, and turning the awful tide of battle with his own courage; for seventeen years the profound student of public affairs; the masterly orator and acknowledged leader in the council chamber of the nation, and before fifty its supreme head; not seeking but sought as fittest, welcomed and trusted as best of all, by the suffrages of a great people. How fair and thrilling the story, embracing without stain in its steady movement what fulness of life, what breadth of attainment, what grandeur of manhood!

No wonder when the cursed shot was fired which laid him low, that you and I and all of us fell down. No wonder that tears of mingled indignation and love fell from the eyes of plain workingmen as they grasped their tools in field or shop. The bulletin-boards, through these sorrowful weeks, have been scanned by the common people more eagerly than by any others, for they knew he was one of them, — in thought, experience, and sympathy their fellow still, though all his great honors were thick upon him. He had tasted their privations, had cherished their worthiest ambitions: their cause was his, and for them he had lived.

No wonder that finished scholars, and men of let-

ters, on both sides of the sea, have watched the issue of this fateful summer with bated breath, and, now that he has gone, pay him the tribute of their love and admiration; for he was of their guild. He had, from first to last, the scholar's zeal and love of good learning and the orator's inspiration. By these alone he had made himself a high place among the best.

No wonder that scarred and laurel-wreathed soldiers felt that a worthy comrade had fallen, and hung with anxiety upon the tidings from his bed of pain; for in his short career of war he had shown a soldier's genius and bravery, and had written his name among their foremost. His skill in organization, the breadth and wisdom of his counsels in campaign, the romance of his chivalrous ride through the carnage and flame of Chickamauga, from one broken wing of the army to the other, the country, whenever she thinks of her defenders, can never forget.

No wonder that financiers, economists, and statesmen the world over felt, when he was stricken down, that a strong pillar was broken; for here, in his depth of insight, wealth of knowledge, and precision of statement, he had no superior. His speeches are a treasure-house of fact and principle scarcely matched in the history of national finance, and had made him a long trusted leader.

No wonder that teacher, Christian minister, and reformer grieve for his loss as for a brother; for he believed in God, believed in the gospel of regeneration: and in each of these callings,—in the school-room, in the pulpit, on the platform, as well as on the floor of Congress,—he was devoted with a lofty consecration to the good of mankind. Few men are more fervent and unselfish in the service of their fellows than was he.

No wonder that the rulers of earth's ancient kingdoms felt that the hand which was lifted against him was lifted against them; for they knew, that, not by hereditary claims, but by the diviner right of genius, learning, and manhood, as recognized by a free people, he was their peer. He made his own crown, and set it on his own head; but kings saw that it was wrought of as pure metal and set with as serene gems as theirs.

Yes, he was very great indeed, yet so fair and balanced in his greatness, that men could not easily say wherein it was. Superbly endowed at the outset in body and mind, he was of massive and symmetrical proportions in both. His intellect was of the largest mould, reflective rather than intuitive, but having a prodigious capacity, and a vigor and acuteness of movement which made him easy master of all that he undertook. The reasoning powers were pre-



eminent in him, though they were kindled with an imagination which clothed all the results of his mental processes with beauty. These splendid intellectual gifts were trained by a prolonged course of severe, untiring, and faithful study. His example here should rouse every student. He honored his powers by making the utmost of them. They were enriched and disciplined by a varied and extraordinary experience in one of the most eventful periods of American history, until, when last March, in the fulness of his commanding faculties, he entered upon the duties of the presidency, he was perhaps at once more able, more learned, and more perfectly furnished for his great office than any of his predecessors.

But intellect and intellectual acquirements alone, are but a small part of true greatness. They were but a small part of him. He possessed an uncommon breadth, transparency, and sweetness of nature, which, through all his marvellous career, grew in depth and purity, and remained, to the very end, simple, flawless, and serene as crystal. His geniality, charity, fearlessness and modesty were woven together in one shining cord, that bound hosts of friends to him with ties that death will glorify, but cannot sever. He was largely stocked with the best humanity. He could not magnify himself, or think



ill of others. He seemed incapable of hate, though not of indignation. His unselfishness was as conspicuous as his ability; and his friendships and patriotism were without alloy and strikingly robust.

The delicacy and fulness of the domestic affections were such in him, that, from the time when, at his inauguration, he turned to kiss first his aged mother, who he insisted should be nearest him in his supreme honor, down to the time when, from his bed of pain and death, he indited to her with his own hand the last letter he ever wrote; from the time when, in the crowded, early days of his administration, he watched by the bedside of his wife, to the long, bitter weeks when she, in turn, maintained her heroic vigil by him, — the whole nation could look hourly, as it did, into the privacy and be only sanctified.

But not even depth and richness of natural feelings and affections are the highest attribute of a true manhood. Beyond his greatness of intellect and greatness of nature, President Garfield was greatest of all in character. This, from the beginning to the end, was the permeating, controlling, and crowning factor of his illustrious personality. His moral purpose was deeply rooted. While a mere youth, he bowed himself in joyful submission to God. He became a simple, earnest disciple of Jesus Christ,

and his affianced to the supreme righteousness, truth, and love thus begun was never shaken, but grew stronger and more lustrous at every turn of his noble life, guiding and enlightening all his service, commanding the reverence of his fellow-men at every step, lifting his name and work stainless above all reproaches, fixing in the hearts of the people principles that they will not let die, and, through the darkness and misery of the long, closing struggle, irradiating the wide land with the reality, beauty, and power of the Christian faith. All else may fade, but such character is imperishable. It is not of man; yet men know it, and bow before it, as before the finger of God. It is by this that the dead President is made immortal. This is his priceless legacy to American youth.

There was nothing more beautiful in him than the constancy of this early religious faith, and the unaffected simplicity with which he always maintained the confession of it in connection with the somewhat obscure body of Christians with which he first allied himself. This was easy for him; for religion with him was not a mere decency, sentiment, or theory. It was not divorced from morality, but it was a practical obedience to the divine law, and the inmost substance of his life. With anxious self-scrutiny, he demanded first of all for his actions the approval of God's voice

within him. Over and over, in utterances that thrilled his countrymen, he exalted godliness above gain. When even his native State was so nearly balanced that it needed but a touch to put her on the shameful side of dishonest money, and he, asked to accept a nomination to Congress, was cautioned not to lisp a syllable against the rising tide of falsehood, he boldly said: "Much as I value your opinions, I here denounce this theory as dishonest, unwise, and unpatriotic; and if I were offered a nomination and election for my natural life from this district, on this platform, I should spurn it." So when the same despicable heresy was infecting this Commonwealth, and he, three years ago this autumn, while making his masterly argument for honest payment of the public debt, on the platform of Faneuil Hall, was interrupted with the cry, "It will cost more," he turned on the speaker, and, with the wrathful majesty of one of the old prophets, said: "Yes it costs something sometimes to be honest." Such utterances were but exponents of the deep, strong currents of his life.

He was a man of sturdy faith in God and grasped the great truths of the divine existence, sovereignty and providence, with the conviction of an old Puritan. In all this he had the simplicity of an earlier generation than his own. Though he was thoroughly read in philosophy, literature, and modern science, no

touch of agnosticism tarnished the quiet strength of his belief in the God of his fathers. This gave him singular power over men. No episode in the history of American eloquence is more thrilling than his hushing a Wall-street mob into self-restraint after the murder of Lincoln, by lifting up his voice, like a second Isaiah, in the mighty words of Scripture, which he ended with that sentence of calm faith, which we have so often lately repeated from his lips: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

But this dominant religious character, though so strong, was no ascetic thing. It made him temperate, reverent, supremely industrious, and chivalrous. It colored his whole life with beauty. By it, through his conspicuous position, he has shed undying lustre upon the common relations of life. By it his natural love of men was kindled into unselfish enthusiasm to serve them. It was no narrow, sour thing. It made him like a rock against which men gladly leaned. It made him invincible in the shock of battle, and amid the still more malignant and tempestuous elements of politics. It made him strong to command, but stronger still to suffer. What a peerless example! Oh, that the youth of this land in these days of greed, and lust of place, and unbelief in God, might take to heart the infinitely precious lessons of this life so

simple, yet so rich in its meaning, and know from the lips of him who, "being dead, yet speaketh," that, beyond all success and fame, a living purpose in harmony with the divine law, a character moulded by that of Christ, and filled with his Spirit, are the only enduring treasures!

To the tumult of varied thoughts that fills us at this hour, no fit utterance can now be given. We cannot enter into all the meaning of these heavy days. Yet there are some things to which the eloquence of the President's death, more persuasive even than that which he had in life, gives solemn emphasis.

How empty seem all earthly ambition and station as we stand beside the bier and look at the shrunken remains of him, who, twelve weeks ago yesterday morning, walked forth into the sunlight at the summit of civic honor! As on last Friday afternoon, beneath the vast dome of the Capitol, whose rotunda is crowded with the memorials of the nation's heroic deeds, the stricken wife and children drew nigh, in the silence and emptiness, for a last farewell of their dead, how vain seemed all earthly glory! All strife, all selfish endeavor for distinction, are subdued and made still at that sight. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." The bright pageantry of earth is darkened; the tumult and discord of

her voices cease; and, in the stillness, the soul reaches out to assure herself of God, weaned of time, and hungering for the eternal things. God only is sufficient for us. All that does not take hold on him is vanity of vanities.

We may be sure that these thoughts often possessed the great man who has passed forever from the realm of human strife. How inexpressibly touching to-day sound his words, when, last spring, worn out with the importunity of clouds of office-seekers, and with constant watching by the sick-bed of his wife, the fear of whose death almost broke his heart, he said, with deep emotion: "I have had, in this trial, glimpses of a better and higher life beyond, which have made this life I am leading here seem utterly barren and worthless." Like the murdered Lincoln, he seems to have had some premonitions of his great sacrifice, and to have been chastened for it by eternal longings.

How tender that last interview with his beloved classmates the night before his inauguration, when, looking with confiding love into the true faces of these old comrades, he seemed to cling to them, and dread the morrow, saying, "This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever, not even for a day. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill." Had

he glimpses of the coming shadow? These utterances can never pass from the memory of the people. It would seem as though the presidency could never again be the object of vulgar ambition to freemen.

It is no time to speculate confidently upon the hidden sources or probable results of this great calamity. Yet it is impossible, even in the midst of our sorrow, not to turn, for a moment, to the cause for which, in a just sense, President Garfield has become a martyr. When first he fell, the intelligence and conscience of the people seized instantly the outline of meaning which there was in the terrible deed. Their first impressions have been broadened and deepened by their silent watch for months in that sick chamber. It is safe to say that for years the whole people have not given so much sober thought to public affairs as they have since that fatal 2d of July. When Lincoln was murdered, the significance of the atrocious act was plain. Then from this, as from hundreds of other pulpits throughout the land, the point was eloquently urged, which the people knew before, that it was not the assassin's hand alone that held the pistol, but the accursed spirit of slavery, demanding, as its final victim, in the last pitch of its malice, the father of the people. The issue indeed is not now so distinct. Nevertheless, the same reasoning ap-



plies. As then so now, the people have lost sight of the miserable wretch who dealt the awful blow, in their thoughtful and penitent inquiry as to the causes whose instrument he was. This is to their credit. They do not yet as clearly grasp those causes as they grasped slavery. That was like a cancer which we could put our finger on and had cut out when Lincoln was killed. The evils to which the man we now mourn was a victim are more complicated, intangible, and hard to be defined, more like a poison in the blood, not tainting one section or one class alone, but vitiating all.

It is in vain to say that the author of all this stupendous mourning was a madman; that his act originated in himself alone, and has no real bearing upon political life. His madness was the same in kind that for months before had infected thousands of partisans frenzied with a thirst for plunder. We would to-day gladly blot from our history and forever forget the humiliating record of the wretched strife for spoils that filled those miserable weeks of spring, tormented and distracted from the large work of statesmanship, to which he would give himself, the great soul of the man we loved, and heated the air with the insane fever of envy and hate, till the weak brain of the assassin was turned. The hate of one's brother, which is murder, was in the hearts of many



of whom we had a right to expect better things. It found violent expression in their speech. The murder itself was wrought by one dastard's hand. But the connection between the greed for place, which has so long depraved our politics, breeding the vilest passions, and the murderous stroke itself, was not lost sight of by the people: their sense of it has grown with the pain and anxiety of these later weeks. That pistol-shot smote the whole nation with remorse, which forms to-day no small element in our grief.

We have only to turn back to the eloquent words of the dead President, written scarcely four years ago, and to which his death gives solemn weight, to see how grave these evils seemed to him when, with singular clearness and intensity, he said of the spoils system: "It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. The present system invades the independence of the executive, and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of the aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and finally, it debauches the public

mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal. To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship." Alas! in a sense he never dreamed of he has discharged that duty with superhuman might. Would that he had lived to work this reform! Yet his death has been in its behalf.

But we must not stop with any narrow view of the bearings of this great affliction. We must not blame our rulers and legislators alone for the evils of administration that have disgraced us. Whence come the throngs of office-seekers? Whence the beseeching, the threats, the intrigue that paralyze the service of those statesmen who would do their duty by us? Whence but from us, the people? We have our share of blame to bear. The base passions which have so defiled our political life have their root and abound in other relations. Our national greed of gain, our selfish strife for patronage, have never received such thrilling rebuke as comes to-day from those dead lips. The motives and character of the murderer shrink to nothing when we take this broad view. He shall bear his own awful guilt; but it is no foolish sentimentality to say that our chief magistrate has fallen for the people; and all this great sorrow over him is mingled, we would earnestly believe, with a godly repentance and chastening of spirit such as this nation has never ex-

perienced. Oh that the Divine Spirit, through this visitation, may regenerate, not only political life, but the hearts of the whole people!

How inscrutable are the ways of the Divine Providence! It is ours, not to distrust or limit the Almighty but to wait patiently on him. We could not see any light through the thick cloud that fell on us that bright July morning. The President, by extraordinary abilities, and a still more extraordinary experience, training, and character, seemed, beyond question, the fittest man in the whole nation for his post. He had not sought it: it had claimed him. He had been given us, as we believed, in answer to our prayers, through a canvass, both in nomination and election, of extreme delicacy and acrimony. He was at the acme of his splendid powers. He was the pride and stay of an aged mother; the joy of a most loving wife and children; the darling of myriads of friends; and the glory of his college and its alumni, who loved him and were loved by him with a wonderful affection, and who awaited his coming to them with glowing hearts. The whole people — South as much as North — had profound faith in him, and the largest and most hopeful expectations of him. He was, after the confusion and wrangling of the first days, just setting himself with his transcendent gifts, his tireless enthusiasm, and his ever lofty sense

of duty, to his great task. How could he die then? He whom God's hand had shielded through the fury of battle, how could he perish miserably by the bullet of an assassin? Oh, it could not be! God would spare him. Surely there could be no purpose of good in such an end of this incomparable man.

And so we prayed. As the flame of life flickered up and down; as report followed swiftly upon report from morning to night; as this and that means were tried, always keeping our ear at his bosom; as the change of place was made, bearing him tenderly in our arms as though he were our own child, the whole people appealed with one impulse to Heaven to spare him. What else could we do? That he had lived so long; that we needed and loved him so much; that he had battled so successfully and with such sublime patience and courage against unknown agony so far, made it seem all the harder to give him up; and men said, — prayerful men dared to say, — that if at last he died they should almost lose faith in prayer. Ah, how little we knew! How little can we fathom the divine wisdom and love! He died. The iron entered into the soul of his aged, gray-haired mother. It pierced the heroic bosom of his wife. It smote to ashes the hopes of friends. It bereaved a whole nation as of its idol.

Yet God heard. The people's prayer is being

already answered in a fulness of blessing such as we never conceived. So far is faith in God and in his wise and loving providence from being destroyed, that it never was so strong, never was planted in so many hearts. No profane doubts dare break in upon the nation's consciousness that to-day it stands in the divine presence. The dead President's hands have revealed God's face to his countrymen. The thought, the feeling, the conscience, of the people, have been quickened and exalted to a lofty pitch. The cost has been great. No lesser man, no smaller suffering, could have produced this effect.

The services done by the dead in his life were great. There was well-grounded hope, that, if he were spared, they would be greater still. But infinitely above all he had done, or that it was possible for him to do, are the blessings which, upon the present and coming generations, he has brought by his death. We dreaded, during the months of spring, lest the persistent chicanery, the selfish cunning, the secret malice of place-hunters, might be too much for the very greatness and large-heartedness of this man whom we had chosen, and who was intent upon the realization of the highest plans of good government. But he has vanquished them all now. We hoped he might withstand them. He has shamed and crushed them. We thought his administration would last

four years. It will last for centuries. We hoped that the grand ideas which were born in his thoughtful patriotism and love of duty, and to which his eloquence had given expression, might, through his rule, make some small impression upon the country. They have now, by his death, been written, as by the finger of God, upon the brain and conscience of the people.

What hath God wrought by the sacrifice of this kingly man! Surely we cannot go back to the old ways and spirit. Not only have his cabinet and successor been purified by this stroke, as we would fain believe, to accomplish what he himself might never have accomplished, but American youth have received a pattern and an inspiration beyond all price; every Christian is made a better one; every citizen is stirred to duty, as by an unseen hand; every office-bearer is truer; and the long line of chief magistrates that shall follow him down to the last shall be inspired by his example to nobler things.

And he himself — oh, glorious destiny! Beyond almost any public man of his time fortunate in his life, he is infinitely more fortunate in his death. From the log cabin in the wilderness, to the zenith of earthly honor, it was one long, shining ascent, till the day he fell; and then God gave him these weeks of suffering, with a world for his watchers, that his head might be wreathed with fadeless glory.

The principles of the republic of freemen which he enunciated and illustrated shall become the delightful and kindling study of future statesmen. His eloquence shall become the classic of generations yet unborn. His peerless and romantic bravery shall thrill all coming hearts that draw their swords in freedom's cause. Poetry and song shall weave into forms of unfading beauty for the people the simple, homely story of his early struggles, and the pathetic incidents of these later days. Sculpture, Painting, and History with her divine pen, shall write his fame among the few of earth's immortals; side by side with William the Silent, with Washington, with Lincoln the martyr: but beyond even these, there is an unspeakable pathos in his life, his fate, his sufferings, that shall make his name live with deathless fragrance in the hearts of mankind.

Oh, yes; God's ways are best! Our prayers are more than answered. God has given him back to us indeed forever. Blessed, thrice blessed the people who can claim this life for their own; to whom this precious legacy of spotless Christian manhood has fallen, to be for ages to its youth the quenchless inspiration of duty towards God and man.



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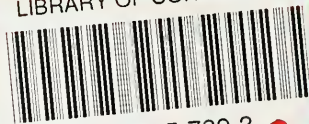








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